¶ How Does Genius Differ From Talent?

By GEORGE JAY SMITH

That genius is a "capacity for hard work" has long singe gained place as a favorite bromidiom. Notwithstanding which, we have Ben Jonson's word for it that Shakespeare's manuscripts showed scarcely a blot or the erasure of a line. ("Would he had blotted a thousand!" exclaimed Ben piously, or enviously; whereat the world has grinned.) As for Byron, he is on record as saying, "I can't correct, and I won't;" so we probably have his poems as they came white-hot from his brain.

There have been great poets who filed and polished their lines, writing and rewriting. Tennyson did a good deal of revising for later editions, and probably most poets of limited output, such as Poe and Coleridge and Gray, have labored over every line. Somehow we feel that, so far from being a capacity for hard work, genius does its most felicitous and perfect things lightly and with ease.

Is the difference between talent and genius one of kind or merely of degree? The achievements of the human spirit at its highest are so far beyond the power of mankind in general that men are prone to think of genius as something from above, something more than human, supernatural. Hence we hear talk of "inspiration," of "the divine afflatus." Even your dictionary will have recourse to some such phraseology, saying that genius reaches its end "by a kind of intuitive power."

But of course genius differs from talent, or wisdom, or ability, or cleverness, only in degree. There can be nothing supernatural about it, because nothing in the world is supernatural. But that is not to say that everything is explainable. In the last analysis nothing is explainable!—why gold is yellow, why frost forms crystals, why flowers bloom, why caterpillars turn into butterflies or girls into women—all we can say is these things are true, there's no doubt about them, and—how wonderful and final and beyond inquiry they are!

So it is with genius. This supreme phase of what we call mind is of course more capable, more admirable, more rare, but not a whit more mysterious and inexplicable than the fact that a boy can learn his multiplication tables or the fact that a man can reason. All we know is that mind, mental ability in its various degrees, does inhere in man; but whoever presses the question as to what mind, or talent, or genius is, can only be answered after the fashion of the word play: "What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? No matter."

It may be that usually genius, like the pinnacle of a mountain, is somewhat narrow, it is more likely to specialize and be peculiar than is talent, for example. The latter implies general mental power that is capable of being molded or directed into various lines of employment. But genius is not (as a rule) so adaptable. A Da Vinci and an Angelo, great in several directions, are exceptions among geniuses. Usually the genius can do one kind of work supremely well—always imaginative or creative work. He is no Jack of all trades, as the man of talent can so readily be.

The essence of the genius is not, however, in a merely technical or superficial excellence. It is in nothing less than his personality, his greatness as an individual. This quality of personal force—quite beyond imitation, unique, absolute, unmistakable, undeniable—permeates all he produces and gives it his stamp or hall-mark.

The great genius appears but seldom in our world. When he comes he is the Awakener and the Answerer. As Whitman puts it—

"The singers are welcomed, understood, appear often enough, but rare has the day been, likewise the spot, of the birth of the maker of poems, the Answerer."

When he appears, blessed are they who have the grace to know him for what he is.

George Jay Smith

¶ Vocational Schooling Is Strongly Favored

By DR. R. R. REEDER, New York

Why do boys play truant? They love to play, of course, to go fishing and swimming. These are the things in which they are interested. But it is likewise true that a great deal of the work in the schools is not of a sort to interest restless young people. Some children are born to education in letters by a line of cultured ancestry; some achieve education by a response to an environment surcharged with it, and others—by far the greater number—have it thrust upon them in the antiquated curriculum of our public high schools. This curriculum has come down to us from the days when to know rather than to do was the test of the educated man or woman.

What possible interest can an active, growing boy have in the intricacies of Latin construction, in cramming conjugations and declensions or memorizing the formulæ of algebra, especially a boy whose parents or grandparents consumed no midnight oil over these subjects? Industrial life is throbbing all about these boys. The parents and older children of the family are absorbed in this workaday, economic world; each is holding down a job, earning a substantial wage, wearing nice clothes on Sunday, and in the estimation of those about him really doing something worth while.

The only possible way in which a school curriculum can compete with such attractions is so to relate itself to the demands and possibilities of the industrial field as to make it a decidedly practical advantage to the worker to achieve certain tasks set for him in school.

Not only to serve as a preventive of truancy, but for even more practical reasons, vocational education ought to become general.

¶ As Much Difference in Hogs as in Men

By RICHARD W. HOWES, Chicago

There is as much difference in hogs as there is in men. A great many persons think that a ham is a ham, no matter what sort of a hog it comes from, but those who know the packing business realize the wide difference between hogs fed on various foods.

For instance, the Canadian porker, fattened upon peas, barley and other hard grain products, makes a lean, compact, fine-grained animal, which is entirely different from the corn-fed pig of the American side of the line.

The ham of a Canadian hog, weighing, say fifteen pounds, will have ten per cent. less fat upon it and a correspondingly larger degree of lean than that of a hog fed in Iowa or Illinois upon corn exclusively.

Then, too, there is a decided difference in the grade of texture of the animal. The expert can easily separate the finer hams and bacons from the coarser grades.

The mast-fed pig of the south—the animal that lives on acorns and nuts—is a different flavor altogether from the dairy-fed animal, even when the latter is finished on grain.

The layman knows little of these differences, and to him "pigs is pigs," but the man who is quick in selecting from outward appearances the different grades is a valuable man to the packer wherever he may be, and he can always command a good salary.

However, the French surgeon who tells of the usefulness of the vermiform appendix need expect no applause from the considerable army of those who have had it cut out.

The fellow who pawned his overcoat last spring in order to buy a Panama hat is now wondering what made him do it.

You can lead some men to drink, and then they will turn around and drink you under the table.

To talk trash it is not necessary for a medium to be inspired.

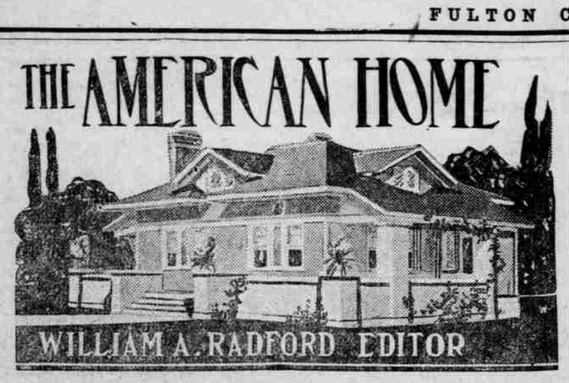
Lake as a Storm Fence.

According to a recently prepared report by the weather bureau the average date of the last killing frost for the Grand Rapids section of Western Michigan is from May 1 to 5, while the average date of the first killing frost in autumn is from October 1 to 5. In extreme seasons there have been frosts as late as June 1, and as early as September 20. This makes the average length of the crop season for Western Michigan approximately 160 days as compared with 140 days in Northern Michigan, and almost as short a season for other parts of the state situated further inland. Lake Michigan acts as a kind of storm fence, which is of great value to farmers and fruit growers.

Pure-Bred Sheep.

Pure-bred sheep should be kept because they have been bred to a certain purpose, but the veriest scrub ewes crossed on a pure-bred ram will bring lambs that are a great improvement.

THE AMERICAN HOME



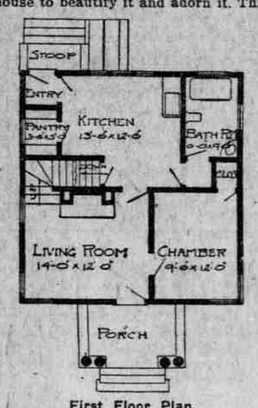
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The one subject on the mind of everyone these days is the high cost of living, and that leads us to remark that there are singular ideas current on the subject of the cost of home building. It is not strange that this should be so. For the bizarre and the eccentric invariably attract attention that the orderly and the sedate may not receive. Perhaps the most singular of all notions with regard to the cost of house, is that a beautiful home can be acquired at the most moderate conceivable cost, if one did but know how to do it. Doubless we would all get rich if we could; and while the crop of millionaires has been abundant in America in recent years, none will dispute the fact that there are a few left who do not come in this category, and therefore the mere knowing how to do a thing is not nearly so important as actually doing it.

The clamor for small homes of moderate cost, yet equipped with every modern attraction and convenience, will not down. It is a delusion quite as widespread as the former notion that the earth was flat, and it is quite as difficult to get rid of. Very few people can actually point to such dwellings as really in existence, but immense numbers will tell you positively that the thing can be done.

The trouble with the small, cheap, but very attractive house proposition is the fact that the conditions under which houses are built are not understood or appreciated. The actual cost of building by no means represents the total expenditure that will be required in any building enterprise. There are a great many essential matters that enter into the cost of a dwelling that do not enter into the architect's charges. There is the land, for the first thing, the bare price of which may be a considerable item, while the cost of beautifying it may be considerable. The cost of furnishing also must be taken into consideration. All these items, and more, make the cost higher than the figures given by the architect. It is no wonder, therefore, that the handsome small house, the good-looking, little house, the attractive small dwelling, is a rare and quite unknown quantity when the lowest possible cost is placed upon it.

One does not need costly embellishment strung, as it were, around the house to beautify it and adorn it. This



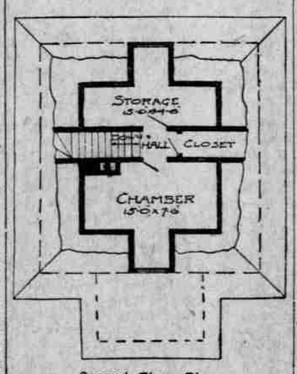
First Floor Plan.

experiment has been tried time and again, with disastrous results. But one does not need good materials and well-drawn plans combined with good taste; and good materials command a price.

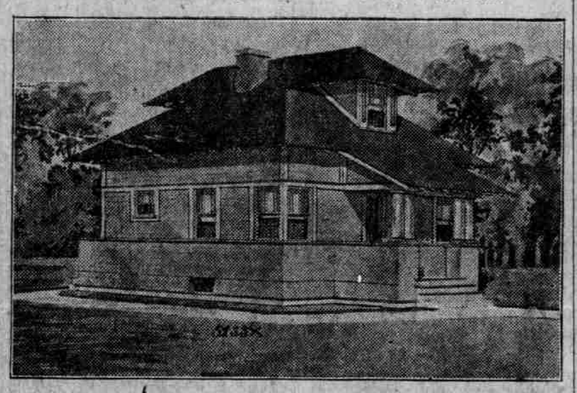
Now, every man who can possibly do so should build a home. It is the normal aspiration of the normal man; but the purpose of these remarks is to enable him to go about the enterprise, not with the notion that he will get his home for little or nothing. He will pay the price; and, having done so, he will be contented when he possesses a well-built home. Building materials are high in price now, and will remain so. If any man intends to build a home, he may as well begin now, for materials will be no cheaper.

The little house here shown is as low in cost as any design that could be selected. It is artistic and pleasing to the eye, and presents the aspect of coziness to the beholder. It is 25 feet wide and 30 feet 6 inches long. It can either be built of frame, or plastered on the exterior with cement mortar. It has a living room 14 by 12 feet, in which a fireplace is provided to add to the cheer of the occupants. At the right of this room is a chamber 12 feet long and 9 feet 6 inches wide. The kitchen and dining-room are combined in a room 13 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 6 inches in size. The bathroom is 6 by 9 feet in dimensions. On the second floor is a chamber 15 feet by 7 feet 6 inches; and back of this is a storage room 15 feet by 4 feet 6 inches.

In the building of this house, the design will be much enhanced by the selection of a lot that will afford a good amount of shrubbery.



Second Floor Plan.



MARKING END OF GREATNESS

Writer Draws on History to Prove That Morality Is the Foundation of a Country's Stability.

A bit of Roman history during the reign of Augustus is thus given by a contemporary: "The Roman people were growing rich and luxurious, morals were deteriorating and the birth rate falling. Literature was erotic, the stage depraved. Men preferred to be bachelors and women to be divorced." And the next thing, big, strong, grand Rome began to go down hill, where it finally went to smash. It was never any good after it lost its moral fiber. The ruin of a country or community is not brought about by a lack of money, business, industry, enterprise. There may attend, but the primary cause is the lack of morality. When that disappears all is gone.

This is no speculation or fine-haired theory—it is logic and history. Every man who is a representative of the immoral tendency is an enemy of the people. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation, which some people dispute, because the Bible says so. But it is inherently so. State it in the other way—that vice and wickedness exalteth a nation. How absurd is sounds; and how untrue it is as a mere assertion, and yet there are many, many people engaged in exploiting the latter proposition.—Columbus Journal.

Why the Wise Are Early Risers.

It is a curious fact in psychology that nobody can stay at the same mental and physical level for twenty-four hours together. In the morning you are more matter-of-fact, for instance, than later in the day.

It is in the morning that the best brainwork is done, too—brainwork of the sort that requires industry and clear thinking. And it is about eleven in the morning that your body reaches its highest point of energy. In other words, you are stronger, though almost imperceptibly, at eleven in the morning than at three in the afternoon. You reach that highest point twice in the day, for about five in the afternoon the muscular energy has risen again. But from five onward it declines steadily all through the evening, and on till between 2:00 and 3:00 a. m.

Red Heads, Read This.

It may be consoling to light-haired and red-headed people to read that out of 165 patients at an English insane asylum only one has red hair, and only four have light hair and complexion.

It used to be supposed that a pale complexion specially marked tendency to mental excitement and brain disorder. The statistics, however, show this to be an error. What is true of men is also true of women; they are, with one exception in fifty, dark haired and dark hued. It is sometimes the case that the hair turns white with insanity. Probably the error arose from this fact. The reason why dark people are more inclined to mental disorder has not been explained.

One Good Turn.

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn around and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."—Fliegende Blaetter.

IT PAVED THE WAY

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Little Miss Cricket toiled up the long flight of stairs to her hall bedroom on the third floor back. Once inside its narrow confines she closed the door and sank down upon the small bed that sagged in the middle.

"Oh, dear, I am so dreadfully tired," she sighed as she pulled out her hat pins and smoothed back the gray-brown hair from her forehead. "It must be perfectly lovely to have a home of one's own and somebody to earn the money. I'm so tired of sewing, sewing, sewing—and coming home to this!" She looked around at the shabby room with its battered oak furniture and hideous wall paper.

There came a knock at her door.

"Come in," she said as she stood before the mirror. "Oh, good evening, Miss Brown—is supper ready?"

"I guess it is—the bell rang five minutes ago; just button my waist for me will you, Miss Cricket? Say, hasn't it been an awful day?" Miss Belle Brown, who worked in a hairdresser's shop, turned her broad shoulders encased in a crisp white waist and Miss Cricket stood on tiptoe to reach the top buttons.

Miss Brown chattered incesantly, while the little seamstress struggled with the buttons.

"I had a ride home tonight—Mr. Dickson came along in that funny little red car of his and brought me up in a jiffy. Saved carfare and I tell you every nickel counts, don't it?"

"Indeed it does," sighed Miss Cricket; "there, Miss Brown, that's the last one."

"Thanks. You're not anywhere near ready, are you? Can't I help you do your hair? It's pretty, so thick and wavy—say, you've got some gray hairs! We've got some stuff at the shop that'll fix that in no time; but I don't know as I'd touch it; that little bit of white along your temples is mighty becoming—there goes that second bell; I expect Biddy will be cross as two sticks. If it's her evening out she'll expect us to gobble and git! There, I thought I'd make you laugh! You oughter laugh more, Miss Cricket, it's so becoming to your pretty teeth and it shows your dimples!"

Nancy Cricket laughed all the harder at this last sally, for she knew very well that the dimples which had been one of her girlish charms must be entirely absorbed in the creases of time.

The Beeks boarding house was so thoroughly respectable that its inmates endeavored to endure its increasing shabbiness as the years went by and the monotony of its plain but substantial home table. The dwellers on the second floor who occupied the larger and more comfortable rooms had been there for many years and Mr. Benjamin Dickson, who kept a stationery store on the Main street of the large city, was unquestionably the "star boarder" of the establishment. There were never any frowns for Mr. Dickson even if he did appear late at his meals, nor was his especial liking for a particular cereal overlooked in the morning. The other boarders, and those on the third floor especially, meekly accepted what masterful Mrs. Beeks placed before them with the understanding that Mr. Dickson paid a "fancy price" for his room and board.

Miss Brown and Miss Cricket found all their fellow boarders gathered about the long table. There was the usual assortment of workers.

Mr. Benjamin Dickson looked across the table at Miss Brown and Miss Cricket. He was a quiet, middle-aged man, with a handsome face and kind brown eyes. Mr. Dickson was always immaculately clothed and on one finger of his left hand he wore an old fashioned ring that had belonged to his mother.

Mr. Dickson noted that while Miss Belle Brown complained of her food she ate heartily of everything within her long-armed reach, while Miss Cricket said nothing, but pecked daintily at her food like some tired little sparrow who tries to make a meal from a bit of string in lieu of something better.

When the meal was over the boarders gathered in the front basement sitting-room, with the exception of Miss Cricket, who started upstairs to her room. There were so many things to be done to make herself comfortable for another long day's drudgery at the needle and her weary body cried out for sleep.

It was a very surprising thing to find Mr. Dickson standing in the front hall at the foot of the stairs and apparently waiting for her.

"Good evening, Miss Cricket," he said rather diffidently; "I was wondering if a breath of fresh air wouldn't be good for you this evening."

Nancy Cricket caught her breath. Never before had Mr. Dickson invited her to ride in the little red car, although once, several years before, he had taken her to a lecture. How delightful it would be to join that procession of motorists in the park and know that one was out simply for pleasure! To feel the soft, sweet wind against her tired face—Nancy believed it would actually smooth out the lines that gathered there.

"Oh, thank you, but—" she was saying when Mr. Dickson stopped her with a frown.

"No 'buts,' Miss Cricket! I'll wait for you down here."

Nancy darted upstairs to her little room, quite unconscious that she had been looking pretty as a picture in the eyes of Benjamin Dickson. Unknown to Nancy, Belle Brown had dressed the luxuriant, gray-brown hair in another fashion and her skillful fingers had transformed the appearance of the little over-worked seamstress.

Without a glance in the mirror, Nancy pinned on her Sunday hat and brought forth with trembling fingers an automobile veil of pink chiffon which she tied over her hat and about her throat in a great fluffy, rosy bow that lent color to her pale cheeks. It was a secret of her own that Nancy had bought that veil at the same time Mr. Dickson had purchased the red car—one never knew when one would be invited to ride—and although she had waited many weeks for the invitation it had come at last!

How kind Mr. Dickson was—how masterful his way with a woman! Nancy Cricket was a very womanly little woman and she dearly loved to be bossed around by a big man.

"Ready? Ah!" Mr. Dickson, looking very youthful in his linen duster and gauntlets with a cap in his hand, handed Nancy into the car while his admiring eyes rested on the transformed little woman. The street light made it very bright in front of the Beeks house so that when they rode away all the women boarders who had peeked from behind the basement curtains when the red car had honked its departure, knew that Mr. Dickson had taken Miss Cricket out for a ride.

The red car glided down the street and into the pleasant avenue that led to the park. Nancy leaned back in her seat and sighed blissfully.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten ride for several reasons. First, Mr. Dickson had been silent for a very long time when he suddenly asked in a queer voice: "Are you a suffragette, Miss Crickett?"

And Miss Crickett, much surprised, had gasped: "Mercy no, why should I be?"

"So many women are nowadays," he murmured in a relieved tone.

Miss Cricket was silent again—she did not want to spoil this wonderful drive by talking—besides, there was a note in Mr. Dickson's voice that disturbed her strangely; it caused her heart to beat in a most unaccustomed manner.

Around and around the park they glided in the procession of automobiles that wound in and out along the perfect roads. They listened to the band concert and at last when it was over they stopped at a pavilion and Mr. Dickson brought her out a plate of ice cream. They sat in the little red car and ate ice cream and listened to another band concert.

At last they left the park and turned back to the city. The little red car went around a corner, chuckled along a quiet side street and with a derisive snort stopped in front of an old stone church with its vine-clad rectory close by.

Mr. Dickson was on the ground, looking under the car. Presently he arose, brushed his knees and leaning against the car looked up at Miss Nancy perched on the seat.

"This has happened," he said deliberately, and the masterful tone sent delightful thrills through Nancy Cricket, "I came out to ask you to marry me, Miss Cricket, and I couldn't summon courage to do it—but this blessed little car of mine has paved the way. It stopped right in front of the church and the minister's—and that's the question, Nancy? What is your answer?"

In one blinding flash the future was revealed to Nancy Cricket—to marry Benjamin Dickson whom she secretly loved, to have a cosy little home where she would have nothing to do save to make it comfortable for him, to ride in the little red car whenever she liked. It was too much! Nancy bowed her head and quite regardless of the fluffy pink chiffon bows she cried softly.

Mr. Dickson was holding both her hands in his when the door of the rectory opened and the rector's rotund form came down the path of the gate.

"Good evening" he said pleasantly. "Have you had a breakdown? Can I be of assistance?"

"No thank you—not this evening," said Benjamin Dickson heartily, "but we are going to be married very soon and then we will need your help—how soon, Nancy, tomorrow?"

Nancy laughed a shaky laugh. "One month from now," she said firmly, and with that decision Mr. Dickson had to be content.

The rector bade them goodnight and the little red car, chuckled again, and then buzzed home just as if it had not contributed to make this a wonderful evening for two people.

Lightning Bug.

Two investigators and writers in the Lighting Journal have given the results of their efforts to measure the candle power of the lightning bug. The glow-worm, which is the larvae of the firefly, was found to give off an illumniation equal to .0048 candlepower to the square centimeter. The flash of the firefly is probably many fold, perhaps 50 or 100-fold, as bright as the steady glow of the larva. It appears, then, that the luminous material of the glow-worm, could it be reproduced, would not only be of high efficiency, but would also be a happy means in intrinsic brightness, far lower than the artificial light sources with which we now try our eyes, yet high enough to permit its use without pre-empting more wall space than we now give to windows.

His New Religion.

"The import of new creeds from America has now become so heavy that it often leads to confusion," says a writer in Pearson's Magazine. "For instance, the other day in the country my hostess and her daughter dragged me to call on the local vicar's wife. The daughter was about to be married, and held forth at length on her future's many perfections.

"'You really must come over and see our house as soon as ever we are settled down," she told Mrs. Vicar. 'Wilfred is making all sorts of improvements. New tennis lawns and a rose garden, and he has turned the billiard room into a library. He is a great bibliophile, you know.

"The vicar's wife pursed her lemon lips and coughed drily.

"'Ah, indeed,' she said. 'I'm glad to hear you say so. So many of our wealthy men nowadays have no religion.'"

Too Much Sulphur in Gas.

It is not the soot from gas flame that blackens ceilings and corrodes metal, but the sulphur dioxide or trioxide that is a product of the combustion. If the gas contained little or no sulphur, as it might if the companies would spend a little more money in purifying it, our ceilings would remain white and the silver on our sideboard would not tarnish in a few days.

Hindue Students in Britain.

Between 1,600 and 1,700 young Hindus are studying in Great Britain this winter, 183 of them at Oxford and Cambridge, 700 at the Inns of Court, 300 in Edinburgh. "It is stated," cables the Montreal Gazette's London correspondent, "that the majority of these students do credit to their training and are convinced that similar educational facilities as they receive should be obtainable in India. Signs of race and color prejudice have not been shown anywhere except among the Edinburgh students, and there it is discouraged by the authorities."

Invisible Audience.

So that concert artists may not be discouraged by the indifference of audiences, Chevalier Arrigo Bocchi has planned a new scheme of lighting at St. James' Hall Great Portland street, London, England. Lights will be focused on the stage, the auditorium being in a state of semi-darkness which will shut out the audience from the sight of the performer.

Keep a Thankful Heart.

The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Heard About the "XV." Furniture.

In the window of one of the large furniture stores last week was exhibited a magnificent Louis XV. bedroom set. Two women stopped and looked at it admiringly and one of them—she may have been Mrs. Wood B. Highbrow—exclaimed: "Oh, there is some of that 'ex-vee' furniture I've read so much about!"—Kansas City Star.

No Doubt About That.

"I couldn't say she is pretty," said the Simple Mug, as the light-haired woman of doubtful age handed her money to the conductor, "but she is passing fare."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 1

THE UNFRIENDLY NEIGHBOR.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 11:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."—Luke 11:9.

The only record we have of this parable is in this gospel. This portion of Scripture is usually thought of as being a great teaching on prayer. It is that, and it is more than that. It is a great illustration of the sound principles of pedagogy employed by that wonderful Bible teacher, our Lord and Savior.

1. Teaching by example (v. 1). There was that in the prayer life of Jesus that was different than that of the formalistic religionists of his day, something that inspired the request, "Lord teach us to pray." His prayer life was different, it was effectual. Notice, in passing, the respect of the disciples "when he had ceased." If there is one lesson the oncoming generation needs to learn it is that of reverence. His prayers were too sacred to permit of any intrusion. His praying also awoke in their memory the prayer life of John the Baptiser. There is deep psychology here. Observation, memory, perception, concept, all in their logical order. The power of example, this is the first and the greatest method of teaching, and it is more than a hundredfold the most effectual. It is that which will awaken and hold attention. It is that which will arouse a keen desire for knowledge. It is that which proves the power of your profession. No teacher can really teach more than he has experienced. When will churches awaken to the grave responsibility of carefully scrutinizing the character of those filling its official positions, particularly the teachers in the Sunday school?

Most Wonderful Prayer.

II. Teaching by formula (vv. 2-4). The human mind is weak and needs that assistance which is to be found in a clear statement of truth. Not always can we have the benefit of a strong personality. Hence Jesus gives us a formula, or prayer, often called the "Lord's Prayer," but more correctly termed "the disciples' prayer." This is in some respects the world's most wonderful prayer, certainly the most familiar. Lacking in personal pronouns, it begins with that matchless conception of God, "our Father," it descends step by step from a consideration of his hallowed name, his kingdom, and his will (Luke 22:42) in heaven and upon earth, down to the question of our need of daily food. It then sweeps backward through the relations of mankind to each other, to temptation, to the power of sin, back (Matt. 6:13) to God once more, back to the Alpha and Omega. In it is invocation, supplication and adoration. It sweeps the whole gamut of man's need, physical, mental and spiritual. It begins in heaven, it encircles the earth, it rebounds to those realms of glory from which the Son came, and to which he returned. A study of the prayers of the saints, living and dead, ought to be more emphasized. This kingdom here mentioned is yet to be fully established. A kingdom demands a king (Rev. 22:20); its beginning, though, is in the hearts of men; it implies entire submission to God's will (Luke 22:42); it delights in doing that will (John 6:38, Eph. 6:6); it demands an entire sanctification of our lives, and a desire that his will shall rule in the earth (1 Thess., 4:3). The fifth petition is not the prayer of the unsaved sinner (John 9:31). Fellowship with God depends upon our willingness to forgive others (Matt. 6:14, 15; Mark 11:25); but that is not the ground of God's forgiveness (Eph. 1:7; 4:32). God does not tempt men (Jas. 1:13); he does permit temptation to assail us, such as modern economic conditions (Mark 1:12, 13), but God never allows us to be tempted above what we can bear (1 Cor. 10:13). Volumes have been written about this prayer and yet its fulness has not even been suggested. The teacher who really prays cannot be a failure, for he has the power of God behind his labor. He must, however, not limit himself to his prayer only (Phil. 4:6; Jas. 5:13, 14). The Christian's prayer must be in the name of Christ, which is not named here, for he was not yet crucified.

The Holy Spirit.

III. Teaching by parable (vv. 6-10) "A parable is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning." Only the teacher who can translate truth into terms of "it is like" has really begun to teach. Let us beware, however, of a wrong comparison and of to vivid details. This is not a picture of God, only by way of contrast is he suggested. There are three friends here: (1) The needy one in his journey; (2) the needy one who was host, and (3) the needy one who was a selfish neighbor. The pauperism of the second was inexcusable (Phil. 4:19); the wandering of the first at night time cannot go unchallenged (Matt. 28:20). As for the third, it was a most unseasonable hour and his friend's insistence was unreasonable, yet, his insistence emphasized the urgency of the request and the confidence of a friend.

IV. Teaching by contrast (vv. 11-13). Pedagogically considered this is the application. Notice it is introduced by the word "for" and the summary is the sum and substance of all good, the Holy Spirit. Jesus contrasts bread, that which preserves life, with a stone, which is dead and lifeless. He contrasts fish, one of the most common meat foods, with a serpent, which signifies deception, and an egg, which is not only nutritious but reproductive as well, with a scorpion, which has in it the sting of death. Each promise is predicted upon a command (Jas. 4:2), ask, seek, knock.

Prayer is not a fetich nor are we rewarded according to the volume of our prayers (1 John, 5:14). "Prayer is not beggary, but communion."—Henry Ward Beecher.

The lordly assurance with which some men go through life would be more impressive if we didn't know they are just human, like the rest of us.

Old age is the evening of life. Second childhood is the next morning.

HELD REPROOF IN MEMORY

Chiding to Child, That Seemed Unkind, Later Nerved Man to Deed of Heroism.

Dr. Keate, the terrible head master of Eton, encountered one winter morning a small boy crying miserably, and asked him what was the matter. The child replied that he was cold. "Cold!" roared Keate, "You must put up with cold, sir! You are not at a girls' school."

It is a horrid anecdote, and I am kind-hearted enough to wish that Dr. Keate, who was not without his genial moods, had taken the lad to some generous fire (presuming such a thing was to be found) and had warmed his frozen hands and feet. But it so chanced that in that little sniveling boy there lurked a spark of pride and a spark of fun, and both ignited at the rough touch of the master. He probably stopped crying, and he certainly remembered the sharp appeal to manhood; for fifteen years later, with the Third dragoons, he charged at the strongly intrenche Sikhs (30,000 of the best fighting men of the Khalsa) on the curving banks of the Sutlej. And as the word was given he turned to his superior officer, a fellow Stonian, who was scanning the stout walls and the belching guns. "As old Keate would say, this is no girls' school," he chuckled, and rode to his death on the battlefield of Sobraon, which gave Lahore to England.—Agnes Repplier, in the Atlantic.

Franco-Prussian Veteran.

General McAdaras of either Scotch or Irish birth, who raised a battalion of Irish volunteers at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, took his men to France and led them against the Germans, has for many years lived quietly in a villa at Cannes, France. He was given the rank of general on the battlefield. Some twenty years ago he was elected a members of the chamber of deputies, and when the moment came for him to be confirmed in his seat he was unable to prove that he was born in France or was a naturalized citizen. The chamber, however, in consideration of his record during the war, waived the matter and confirmed him in his seat.

Sizing It Up.

"Hiram," said the wife of a countryman who had moved to the city, "I'll just bet the best cow we ever had that you've done went and forgot to bring a roast for dinner!"

"Hardly," mumbled Hiram, as he placed an armful of packages on the kitchen table. "In fact, I bought seven cents' worth of roast."

"Seven cents' worth! Hiram, be your mind failin' ye?"

"But I had to pay fifty cents for it," smiled Hiram.

Cautious.

"Don't tell my wife about that drink ye took."

"I won't so much as breathe it to her."

Some men are proud of the fact that they have insomnia because they imagine it indicates excessive brain work.

"In life, as in the hundred yard dash, a good start is half the victory."

Housewives purchase $225,000,000 worth of food each year.